



The Tempest 5.1 - cut

PROSPERO: Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and's followers?

ARIEL: Confined together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge,
Just as you left them; all prisoners, sir.

PROSPERO: Go release them, Ariel:
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

ARIEL: I'll fetch them, sir. *Exit*

PROSPERO: I have bedimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt; the strong-based promontory
Have I made shake and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar: graves at my command
Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth
By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here abjure, and, when I have required
Some heavenly music, which even now I do,
To work mine end upon their senses that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book.

*Re-enter ARIEL with ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO,
ADRIAN, and FRANCISCO in a daze. PROSPERO freezes them.*

Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
My true preserver. I will pay thy graces
Home both in word and deed. Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act.
Thou art pinch'd fort now, Sebastian. Flesh and blood,
You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse and nature; who, with Sebastian,
Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art.

ARIEL (sings): Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

PROSPERO: To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Enforce them to this place and presently, I prithee.

ARIEL: I drink the air before me, and return *Exit*

GONZALO: All torment, trouble, wonder and amazement
Inhabits here: some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

PROSPERO: Behold, sir king,
The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero:
And to thee and thy company I bid
A hearty welcome.

ALONSO: Whether thou be'st he or no,
Thy dukedom I resign and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs.

PROSPERO: Welcome, my friends all!
[Aside to SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO]
But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you
And justify you traitors: at this time
I will tell no tales.

SEBASTIAN: [Aside] The devil speaks in him.

PROSPERO: [To ANTONIO] For you, most wicked sir, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault; all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.

ALONSO: If thou be'st Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation;
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have lost--
My dear son Ferdinand.

PROSPERO: I have lost my daughter.

ALONSO: When did you lose your daughter?

PROSPERO: In this last tempest
FERDINAND and MIRANDA enter.

ALONSO: If this prove
A vision of the Island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.

SEBASTIAN: A most high miracle!

FERDINAND: Though the seas threaten, they are merciful;



I have cursed them without cause.
MIRANDA: O, wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in't!

ALONSO: What is this maid?

FERDINAND: Sir, she is mortal;
But by immortal Providence she's mine:
She is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Received a second life; and second father.

ALONSO: [To FERDINAND and MIRANDA] Give me your hands:
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart
That doth not wish you joy!

GONZALO: Be it so! Amen!

Re-enter ARIEL, with the Master and Boatswain amazedly following

O, look, sir, look, sir! here is more of us:
What is the news?

Boatswain: The best news is, that we have safely found
Our king and company; the next, our ship.

ARIEL: [Aside to PROSPERO] Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went.

PROSPERO: [Aside to ARIEL] My tricky spirit!

ARIEL: [Aside to PROSPERO] Was't well done?

PROSPERO: [Aside to ARIEL] Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free.
Come hither, spirit:
Set Caliban and his companions free;
Untie the spell.

Exit ARIEL

[To ALONSO] How fares my gracious sir?
There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads that you remember not.

Re-enter ARIEL, driving in CALIBAN, STEPHANO and TRINCULO

CALIBAN: How fine my master is! I am afraid
He will chastise me.

PROSPERO: Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
These three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil--

For he's a bastard one--had plotted with them
To take my life. Two of these fellows you
Must know and own; this thing of darkness!
Acknowledge mine.

CALIBAN: I shall be pinch'd to death.

ALONSO: Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

SEBASTIAN: He is drunk now: where had he wine?

ALONSO: And Trinculo is reeling ripe: where should they
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em?
How camest thou in this pickle?

TRINCULO: I have been in such a pickle since I
saw you last that, I fear me, will never out of
my bones:

SEBASTIAN: Why, how now, Stephano!

STEPHANO: O, touch me not; I am not Stephano, but a cramp.

PROSPERO: You'd be king o' the isle, sirrah?

STEPHANO: I should have been a sore one then.

PROSPERO: [To CALIBAN] Go, sirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

CALIBAN: Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god
And worship this dull fool!

PROSPERO: Go to; away!

Exeunt CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO

PROSPERO: Sir, I invite your highness and your train
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest
For this one night.

ALONSO: I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

PROSPERO: I'll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales
And sail so expeditious that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off.

[Aside to ARIEL] My Ariel, chick,
That is thy charge: then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well!

Exeunt



EPILOGUE
SPOKEN BY PROSPERO

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own,
Which is most faint: now, 'tis true,
I must be here confined by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island by your spell;
But release me from my bands
With the help of your good hands:
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant,
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be relieved by prayer,
Which pierces so that it assaults
Mercy itself and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free.